THE BOURBON NEWS. (Nineteenth Year-Established 1881.)

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WINTER BELLS.

When Winter wraps the world in white, And silent he the snowy dells, Tis sweet to hear amid the night The cadence of the fairy bells; They seem to set the winds astir With eerie music soft and low, And gently shake the modest fir Clad in its garb of spotless snow

They tinkle 'neath the watchful stars, Whose beams upon the whiteness fall, And as they near the meadow bars What recollections they recall! The trysting tree which Summer knows, And clothes in hues of living green, Stands out against the sky and throws

Its lordly shadow o'er the scene. O Winter bells that tell of mirth! Thy music fills the heart with joy And makes a paradise of earth-A lovers' year without alloy; Across the fields there seems to come The music which of pleasure tells, And every hearth and every home

Refoices at the winter bells. I hear them echo where the snow Lies softly on the frozen ground, And where December's winds are low I list to catch their merry sound;

A maiden at the lattice waits, For swiftly through the moonlit dells, Toward her heart's wide-open gates, A lover rides behind the bells. A lover rides behind the bells. T. C. Harbaugh, in Ledger Monthly.

Result of an Investigation \(\bar{\pmathbf{1}} \)

By Alice Louise Lee.

"If this isn't a case! Congratulations on my engagement! Now, shail go or shall I not? This hardly reads take cream or lemon in your tea?" like Chris. It's too gushing. She is more reserved. Perhaps her own engagement has changed her. I've neard of such things. I'll go.

'Wish I knew the man she is engaged to. Wouldn't I meet him cordially! I'd grip his hand until it would be useless for a month."

Worth Brice set his hat savagely on his head, tore a small note into a dozen pieces, threw them into an open grate and went out, locking his door with such force that the key was bent.

Ten minutes later Christabel Love was extending her hand to him in rather a constrained manner. There was an additional warmth in Worth's to carry the matter off without flinching.

"I've answered your congratulations in person, Chris," he began, in a jovial way, sinking into his favorite arm chair. "Your note broke in upon the most doleful reverie a confirmed old bachelor ever indulged in."

"There I sat," Worth went on, "my sibows on my knees and my head in my hands, groaning over the prospect of full evenings soon to come, when you would be so deeply engaged in dressnot, that you wouldn't have time to see a fellow-'

"Dressmaking and letter writing-" Chris. interrupted, in a wondering tone. Her eyes had become large and round and a pucker appeared between her brows.

Worth laughed rather loudly, and slapped his knee, a thing Chris had never seen him do before.

"I'd just given up lamenting alone and decided to come and condole with myself in your presence when your note came-

Worth indulged in another mirthless laugh. Chris leaned forward and looked at him intently. The pucker had extended half way up her forehead.

"Now, Chris, it's bad enough for you to go and get engaged, without putting wo such a big bluff on me in that way.' "Putting-up - a - bluff?" puzzled Chris, but the pucker began to smooth itself out. "So far you are an enigma to me."

Worth sighed. "Well, Chris, I suppose the Christian way to do would be to offer you both | hours. hands and wish you all the happiness you'll be sure not only to get, but to give, that lucky fellow, whoever he is." Worth's voice was perilously near being shaky.

"Happiness I'll get and give." Chris was still following helplessly.
"When we meet," Worth went on, in his gayest tone, a trifle forced, "don't

be surprised if I give him the flat of my hand for depriving me of my best chum."

Chris leaned back and spoke reso-

"Worth, if you will be kind enough to explain yourself, I'll be copvinced, perhaps, of your sanity. Whom are you talking about, or don't you know your-

Worth became suddenly sober, as sober as he really felt.

"No, Chris, I don't know whom I'm discussing-that's the trouble-but it's that mysterious some one that you're over this town that you are engaged engaged to."

"I engaged? That's news to me. Worth, your own engagement has affected your head as well as your beart-

But Worth did not wait for her to himself forward in his chair with an eyes. Impetuous jerk.

"Say, now, aren't you, really, honor bright? I'm not, of course. How'd you hear? It's all a fake with me-"

"A fake with you? Why, it came straight from Miss Maltby, this morning. She said she knew it.' "Miss Maltby go to-that is, I mean

she knows too much. I'd like to know where she got her precious information. I'm sure I should know of my own engagement as soon as anyone." auprejudiced ears as a hysterical gig-

"What a mix up this is. Who ever do three days amount to, anyway!

told you that I-how did you get it into your head?"

"Why, through that man Truax. I'll nterview him later on. But I have a curiosity to know the name of the individual Miss Maltby has bestowed my heart upon."

"And who," chimed in Chris, "does Mr. Truax expect will pay my millinery bills? If hats continue to be loaded with plumes, the man will be glad of an

Chris was conscious that this was an inane joke. Worth knew it, too. But they laughed excitedly in chorus.

"All Truax knew of your fance was that he is not a native of this town. Name was not familiar to him."

"And all that Miss Maltby was prepared to say, beyond the fact that you were soon to be married, was that the lady of your choice is red-headed," unconsciously raising her hand to adjust a stray lock of her own soft brown

"Let's ferret this gossip out," exclaimed Worth, in sudden inspiration. 'Let's confound the gossipers and get to the root of matters."

"It's a bargain," agreed Chris. "We'll follow the trail and report to-morrow night."

The next evening the two met with unabated zeal although they had no additional information to offer.

"It's more difficult than I thought," reported Worth. "Truax sent me chasing after two or three men who are utter strangers to me, and who gave me ************** more information than I was afterfor troubling them. But at last I've the right clew. Think I can clear it up by to-morrow night."

"I'm sure I can," proclaimed Chris confidently. "I've followed the clew right back. Her name is Sever. She lives in this town somewhere. First name as yet unknown, but she continues to wear red hair. Now, all I have got to do is to locate her. Will you

"Yes, thank you," abstractedly. Then, being recalled to his senses by Chris' dancing eyes, he blushed and changed to-

"Both, if you please," and the evening began and closed with laughter It was late the next evening before Worth came. Chris had riser from her seat before the open grate ready to go upstairs when the bell rang.

There was a singular absence of the buoyancy of the two previous even-

"What's the matter with Worth?" Chris was saying to herself as she poked the sticks in the open firegreetings because he had determined place. "If he was in such a pickle as I am in, he might act blue."

"The deuce take the business," Worth was thinking as he sat down. "I'm as shaky as a man in his second



AREN'T YOU, HONOR BRIGHT!"

childhood. What's changed Chris so? Maybe she's got an inkling of this fool thing and wants to give me a hint-well, a man can cut his throat but once."

Chris sat down.

"I believe it's snowing," she said, quite suddenly, in as surprised a tone is though the snow had not been falling steadily for four and twenty

"Yes, it is drizzling just a little," replied Worth, thoughtfully.

He remembered that it had rained the day before. At the same time he carefully removed a bit of snow from his trousers.

Chris smiled and began boldly: "Well, have you found out to whom

I'm engaged?" "Yes," said Worth, looking hard at her, "and have you discovered the unhappy girl who is to share my fu-

"Yes," returned Chris. Two dimples began to play in her cheeks and her eyes sparkled.

Worth looked at her and groaned, changing the groan hastily into a cough. He thrust his hands into his

pockets and said solemnly:

"Chris, I've followed this thing up until I find the man is no other than Worth Brice. The report has gone to my unhappy self. Unhappy, only because it is not true. If it were." Worth went on, desperately, "I should feel like a godfather to the whole

town." The dimples began to deepen in finish. He broke in eagerly, bringing Chris' cheeks. Mischief lurked in her

> "As the result of my search," she began, "red hair resolved itself into a golden brown and the name 'Sever' has successively become Lever, Lover, and lastly just plain Love, with the first name Chris."

Then for the first time Worth looked up with a gleam of incelligence in his eyes. An intelligence which necessitated an hour's consultation. At the end of this time they had decided that it was not their Chris' laugh would have fallen on ducy to explain to the world at large that the announcement had preceder the engagement by three days. Wha

OUR SWEAT SYSTEM.

Anywhere from Two to Twenty-Eight Miles of Sweat Glands on the Human body.

It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that proportionately to the surface as the ridges of the palm number as many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are scarcest on the back, where there are only 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the exterior of the body. They run straight down into the deepest structure of the skin, and there they kink up and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down wet. Inclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration through the walls of the tube, and it wells up to the surface of the skin. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands, aggregating 28 miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end! These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best medical authority. They are the figures of men who have given their lives to the study of this subject. But still, if they seem too large to you, there is just as good medical authority for the statement that there are 2,400, 000 sweat glands on the human body each one-fifteenth of an inch long, and that their aggregate length is two miles and a half! Think of it! Two miles and a half! If you object to that, too, I have the very best authority for the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine miles, or I can figure it for you at seven miles or 12 miles. Take your pick. Our motto is: "We aim to please." If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority, says Harvey Sutherland, in

Ainslee's. I find only one figure, however, for the amount of liquid secreted by the skin of an average person in a year though it is evident that the quantity must vary greatly according as the person works in an icehouse or rides a bicycle up-hill. From the average person in a year's time there oozes through the pores of the skin 1,500 pounds of water. Let us see: "A pint's a pound the world around," two pints make one quart, four quarts one gallon -oh, well, you cipher it out for yourself. I never was much of a hand at figures.

CHANCE FRIENDS.

Possibilities of Congenial Companionship in Persons We Do Not Know.

It makes one homesick in this world o think that there are so many rare people he can never know; and so many excellent people that scarcely anyone will know, in fact, says Backlog Studles, by Charles Dudley Warner. One discovers a friend by chance, and cannot but feel regret that 20 or 30 years of life, maybe, have been spent without the least knowledge of him. When he is once known, through him opening is made into another little world, into a circle of culture and loving hearts and enthusiasm in a dozen congenial pursuits, and prejudices, perhaps. How instantly and easily the bachelor doubles his world when he marries. and enters into unknown fellowship of the to him continually increasing company, which is known in popular language as "all his wife's relations."

Near at hand, daily, no doubt, are those worth knowing intimately, if one had the time and the opportunity. And when one travels he sees what a vast material there is for society and friendship, of which he can never avail himself. Carload after carload of summer travel goes by one at any railway station, out of which he is sure he could choose a score of life-long friends, if the conductor would introduce him There are faces of refinement, of quick wit, of sympathetic kindness-interesting people, traveled people, entertain ing people, as you would say in Boston, "nice people you would admire to know," whom you constantly meet and pass without a sign of recognition, many of whom are no doubt your longlost brothers and sisters. You can see that they also have their worlds and their interests, and they probably know a great many "nice" people. The matter of personal liking and attachment is a good deal due to the mere fortune of association. More fast friendships and pleasant acquaintanceships are formed on the Atlantic steamships, between those who would have been only indifferent acquaintances elsewhere, than one would think possible on a voyage which naturally makes one as selfish as he is indifferent to his per-

sonal appearance. Potash Soap for Eye Glasses. Constant wearers of eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., are much annoyed by the dimming of the glasses upon eatering a warm room from a cooler place. It will greatly interest them to know that this evil can be obviated by rubbing the glasses with soft soap. All that is necessary is to rub every morning or before going out a soap, potash soap) over the whole surface of the glass, polishing it until it is bright again. The preparations. "Gasolin" and "Oculustra," offered for the same purpose at high prices, are nothing else than pure potash soap .-Die Werkstatt.

After Its Father. When a mother admits a fault in one of her children she is reminded that it "takes some after its father."-Atchison Globe.

TAGGED FISHES IN THE SEA.

Some Things the Government Has Learned from Fishes That Were Marked and Came Back.

It seems rather an odd idea to fasten metal tags to marine fishes and then let them loose in the ocean with the the skin of the palm of the hand ex- idea of identifying them as individucretes four and a half times as much als in case they happen to be caught at a future time; but this is what skin of the back. The pores in the the United States fish commission is doing just now with cod, 1,500 of which have been duly tagged and released this year, says the Washington Times. No two tags are alike, the markings on them being stamped in a series of letters and numbers, record of which is kept in a book in such a manner that if a tagged codfish turns up a moment's reference to the memoranda will furnish the history of that particular specimen, with date of liberation, weight, and so forth. For example, a cod wearing a tag with the raised inscription "S 100" has a complete identification card, so that she cannot be mixed up with any other fish entered in the commission's ledger. Only "brood fish"-that is, spawnng females-are tagged. They are bought from fishermen, stripped of

their eggs at Wood's Holl, Mass., and liberated in the waters of Vineyard sound, after having the tags attached to them. The tag is a small piece of copper, securely fastened by a wire passed through a fin near its junction with the body. It does not matter which fin is chosen, though a back or tail fin is best. The tag is very light, and its attachment in the manner described does no harm whatever to the animal. During the last few months the fish commission has distributed a circular all along the coast of New England requesting that whenever a cod with a tag comes into the hands of a fisherman or other person he shall remove the piece of metal and send it to the commission station at Wood's Holl, together with a brief statement as to the date on which the fish was caught, where it was captured, its weight before dressed, its length and the condition of its roe.

The object of the tagging is to ascertain the rate at which a cod grows. the frequency of its spawning and the extent of its travels in the ocean. Knowledge of this kind has an obvious bearing upon fish cultural problems, and there is every reason to believe that the future of the cod fishery off the New England coast must depend mainly upon artificial hatching. The hatching of cod eggs and the planting of the fry in those waters has been carried on for several years, and already the fishery shows a notable improvement, apparently due to this work. During the present year, the work coming to an end April 1, there were planted in New England waters

250,000,000 codfish. This year the fish commission is gorivers of the Pacific coast. Very small tags will be used, the fishes being "fingerlings," about three inches long. It is expected that in this way it will be ascertained the age at which the salmon come from the sea to spawn: also their rate of growth and the percentage of the fry that attain maturity. The work will be carried on in the basins of the Columbia and

Sacramento. Some years ago a similar experiment was made at the fish commission station on the Clackamas river. which is tributary to the Columbia; but, instead of tagging the young fishes, the soft dorsal fins were shaved off them with a razor before they were released. When they came back to spawn, three years later, they averaged 20 pounds in weight.

From this experiment one or two very interesting conclusions were drawn. If all of the artificially hatched fry had survived and been captured it is obvious that 1,000 of them would have contributed 20,000 pounds of food fish for market. As a matter of fact, only one out of ten of them returned and was taken, the result being 2,000 pounds of fish for every 1,000 young ones liberated."

Growth of Our Nails. Finger nails east toe nails, being merely flattened growths of the same kind of cells that the hairs are made of, increase in about the same way, though their rate of progress has not been so carefully studied. Some say that the finger nails grow at the rate of one-thirtieth of an inch a week. Bean estimates that it takes 20 weeks to restore a thumb nail, and 96 weeks to restore a toe nail. I don't believe that. Once when I was about 16, and had less sense than most boys of that age, I bought a pair of boots too short for me. I were them, though they hurt me like sixty, and the first thing I knew the nails of my great toes came off. Well, I know that it didn't take any 96 weeks to make them good as new. Why, 96 weeks is two years, lacking not quite two months. Don't tell me .- Harvey Sutherland, in Ains-

The Double Letter.

The doubled letter is scarcely of use in any language. Sometimes we are purely inconsistent. Letter must have two t's, literal one. The double letter very seldom affects the pronuncialittle so-called green soap (washing tion. Would it not be well to drop the double letter altogether? It would simplify spelling and save time, too .-Notes and Querits.

Just Think.

Arctic Explorer-An arctic night, lasting as it does 141 days, is no joke, I can tell you. I should not care to go through it again!

Friend-Why, man, I should think it splendid. Fancy saying to a creditor: "Please call again to-morrow moruing."-N. Y. World.

HUMOROUS.

If you are wise you will never hit a man after he has got you down .-- Chicago Daily News.

Kitchen Necessities .- "Cook, do we need any necessities for the kitchen? "Yes'm; I'd like a Roman chair, one of them Venishun lanterns, an' some more pillers fer th' cozy corner."-Indianapolis Journal.

"Oh! my! shame upon you," cried the old gentleman; "do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?" "Yep," replied the little boy, "they grow up an' git ter be drivers of fire ingynes, an' dat's w'at I wanter be."-Philadelphia Record.

Ethel-"Oh, Emily, I had such dreadful accident the other day. broke two of my front teeth." Emily -"How painful. How did it happen?" Ethel (thoughtlessly)-"They fell off the sideboard, and I accidentally trod on them."-Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Wiggles-"Did you have a good time at the Watsons, playing whist, last evening?" Mrs. Waggles-"We had a perfectly lovely time!" Mrs. Wiggles-"Which beat?" Mrs. Waggles-"Well, we didn't either of us beat. The fact is, we spent the whole evening talking about our children."-Somerville Journal.

A Blessing-"I don't think these here free government seeds is much." said the gentleman with the horny hands and straggling beard. "You don't?" retorted the gentleman of similar characteristics; "w'y, look here, I raised so many different kinds of new weeds from the last batch of government seeds that enough college professors come to the place to study 'em last summer to pay fer a new barn."-Indianapolis Press.

A lady, who was unfamiliar with the streets of New York, was much confused by the jargon used by a ear conductor. When she thought she must have arrived near her destination, the conductor poked his head into the car and said: "Umpty bazazas!" "What street did you say?" demanded the passenger. "Ufty-umpth!" said the conductor. Much annoyed, the lady from the suburbs went out on the platform and rebuked the conductor for his careless use of the vocal organs. He only glared at her and said: "What do you expect for three dollars a week? A tenor solo?"-San Francisco Argonaut.

A NEW KING'S PLIGHT.

The Son of Garibaldi Says Victor Emmanuel III. Is in a Peculiar Position.

Ricciotti Garibaldi, who fought at the side of his father, the great Gen. Garibaldi, in the struggle for the liberation of Italy and in the Franco-German war, publishes an article in the North American Review, in which he explains the relative positions and aims of the monarchical and republican parties in Italy. The situation of the ing to bag many thousand of young | monarchy in Italy, according to Sig. salmon, artificially hatched for the Garibaldi's statement, must be a perplexing one, for the king cannot make friends of his enemies without making enemies of his friends. He says:

"If Victor Emmanuel III. remembers

that, if he wears the iron crown, it is mainly owing to the popular elements -for history has revealed that the Piedmontese school of diplomats, with Cavour at their head, looked upon the struggle for the liberation and unity of Italy, rather as a means of aggrandizing the Piedmontese monarchy than as a realization of a high ideal, the reconstruction of a great nationality, of which, in fact, they were rather afraid -and if he exercises the strength of will he is said to possess to free his crown from the state of bondage in which it was under Humbert, and make it take its true position of mediator between the different political schools, using his influence and royal prerogatives in favor of those classes that most need comfort and guidance, the monarchy in Italy may yet have a long lease of life, for patriotism is a strong quality in the Italian heart, and he would find sincere, if unexpected, support from sources now hostile him and his crown. But, naturally, his bitterest enemies will then be those who have hitherto used the crown as an instrument to further their owr ends, and who, looking upon his child less condition as a danger to the monarchy, do not hide the possibility of his being replaced by some other member of his family. And it would be a curious thing if the anti-monarchists should one day be obliged to defend the crown, acting on the principal that 'a devil you know is always better than one you don't know." Interrupted the Game.

"Jist wait till me an' Hi finishes this game of checkers," called out Silas Cornhill, proprietor of the Lonesomeville grocery, to the woman who had entered.

"But I'm in a hurry," said the woman. "I want one of 'em red an' white checked tablecloths." "Guess that'll break up the game,

then, 'Hi," said Silas, as he pushed the checkers aside and gathered up the tablecloth on which they had been playing. "You see," he continued, turning to

the woman, "I lost my checkerboard the other day, an' Hi an' me 'lowed this tablecloth 'ud do fairly well for a substitute. Made it a leetle dirty, mebbe, but it'll all come out in the warsh. Only one in the store. Sixty-three cents. Wrap 'e- up?"-Indianapolis Sun.

Three Mottoes. The Spanish Motto-Never do to-

day what you can put off till to-mor-

The English Motto-Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-

The American Motto-Never put off till this afternoon what you can do this morning .- Puck.

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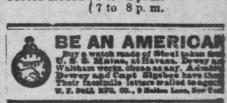
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KAST BOUND. No. 1. | No. 8. | No. 8. Pass. | Pass. | Wixed Pass. Pass. Mired.
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7 24am 4 10pm 1 55pm
7 34am 4 16pm
7 39am 4 22pm
7 56am 4 38pm 3 00pm
8 17am 4 46pm
3 30am 5 00pm
8 40am 5 10pm Lve Frankfort & Lve Fikhorn . . Lve Switzer . . . Lve Stamping Grind Lve Duvails Lve Johnson
Lve Georgetown
Lve C S R'y Depot b
Lve Newtown
Lve Centreville
Lve Elizabeth

Arr Paris e WEST BOUND No. 2 | No 4. | No. 6. Pass. | Pass. | Mixed Lve Paris c
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Lve Georgetown 10 22am 6 27pm 7 50am
Lve Georgetown 10 32am 6 20pm 7 51am
Lve Johnson 10 43am 6 20pm
Lve Duvalls 10 50cm 6 20pm 8 22am
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Daily except "undsy, a Connects with L. & N.; b connects with L. & N.; b connects with Ky, Central. KENTUCKY CENTRAL POINTS

 P.M. A.M.
 A.M.
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BAILROAD TIME CARD. L. & N. B. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS : From Cincinnati-10:58 a. m.; 5:38 m.; 10:10 p. m.

From Lexington-5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m; 6:27 p. m. From Richmond-5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; From Maysville-7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS: To Cincinnati-5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m. To Lexington-7:47 a. m.; 11:95 a. m.;

To Richmond-11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.;

5:45 p. m; 10:14 p. m.

10:16 p. m.

To Maysville-7:50 a. m.: 6:35 p. m. F. B. CARR. Agen My agency insures against fire, wind and storm-best old reliable

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